

Winter 12-2017

"Shooting a black bear in my underwear"

Alexis Robb
alexisrobb11@yahoo.com

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all

Recommended Citation

Robb, Alexis, ""Shooting a black bear in my underwear"" (2017). *USU Student Folklore Fieldwork*. Paper 234.

https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all/234

This G7: Occupation/Avocation is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Folklore Fieldwork at DigitalCommons@USU. It has been accepted for inclusion in USU Student Folklore Fieldwork by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@USU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@usu.edu.



Stephen Robb
Smithfield, Utah
December 2017

“Shooting a black bear in my underwear”

Family Legend

Informant: Stephen Robb (LDS) was born in Neola, Utah he is the second eldest in his family of 4 children. His father is Theron Robb and his Mother Carma Robb who passed away in 2007. He runs his father’s painting business along with his brothers Derek and Mike Robb. He has many past times, but one of his favorites is wood making he can make many things but loves making bowls, pens, tables. He is married to Terri Robb and has 3 children all which they adopted. He has many great family stories, and he loves to tell them to anyone who will hear them.

Context: He normally tells this story when a lot of family is around, or when people haven’t heard the story, or when people see the Bear skin in his office and wonder how he got it. Instead he told me this story over the dinner table and was weary about being recorded and, so he told the story a little flatly, with not much emotion. But he is very proud of how he got this black bear and considers himself lucky to have gotten it, he also says that if he had not had a gun at the time ready to go it would have turned out very differently. This story is a family legend but has many witnesses such as my grandpa Robb and uncle Mike.

Text: While hunting in Alaska we were abruptly woken up in the morning, just as the sun was starting to come up, barely light enough to see, by something outside of our tent in our camp getting into our stuff, so upon getting up grabbing my riffle, stepping outside of the tent still with one foot in the tent and one foot out of the tent standing there in my underwear, I shot a black bear who had come into our camp and was ravaging through our camp.



Texture: He told the story well, he just didn't tell it as slowly and with much emotion as he usually does, he typically laughs a lot while telling it, especially the part about being in his underwear when he shot it. Normally he also talks about his brother and dad's reaction to running outside of their tents to see what was happening, although they were not in their underwear like him. They found him in his with a rifle and a dead bear a couple yards away, and they were in shock. That was the only thing they caught on that hunting trip and they didn't even have to go looking for it, it came to them. My dad had the bear skinned and it still has its head attached, which is super creepy because its mouth is open like it was angry and ready to attack.

Alexis Robb

USU

English 2210

Dr. Lynne S. McNeil

Fall 2017